











**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MURRAY



SOMETHING UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF HIS EMPLOYER, COMPTONSON, HAD BEEN SILENT AND SICK OF THE ENDLESS SEARCH FOR BLOODS. JAMES BOND COMPLETED THE DRAFT OF HIS LETTER—  
ADDITIONAL TO M...



...I am, Sir,  
Your Obedient Servant,  
JAMES BOND

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MURRAY



BOND'S HAND WAS STILL DRAFTING, AND COMPLETING HIS LETTER OF DISMISSAL TO "M" AS HE SET OUT FOR LONDON NEXT DAY...

**INTO THE TEN-MILE STRAIGHT TOWARDS MONTREAL**



"So, my frequent proposition that Bond is dead have been treated with a courtesy I can only describe as decent..."

**IT WAS THEN THAT IT HAPPENED**



WHEE! WHEE!

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MURRAY



IF THERE IS ONE THING THAT SETS JAMES BOND REALLY MOVING IN LIFE WITH THE ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN, IT IS BEING PROVED IT SPEED BY A PRETTY GIRL...



THE ONE-DEAL SHE'S DOING OVER A HUNDRED!



NOW, WITH A THIN-LIPPED SMILE, HE STAMPED HIS FOOT INTO THE FLOORBOARD AND...

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JAMES BOND FLICKED UP THE RED SWITCH CONTROLLING THE BLOWER AT ONCE THE THIN HIGH WIND OF THE AIRPORT SUPERCHARGER TOOK IT HIS OWNERSHIP.



100-110-115-120-125  
GASING ON HER!  
DAMN THESE COBBLES!



MONTREAL  
ROYALE-LES  
LE TOUQUE

THE RACE WENT ON. BOND LOADING HIS GAINS ON THE STEERING TO THE LANCIA'S ARCH-ROCKING IN THE VILLAGES—AND TO THE GIRL'S WONDERFUL, NERVELESS DRIVING.

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DRAWING BY JOHN MURRAY



MONTREAL IS A DIVERSIFIED TOWN WITH CORRED, TWILING STREETS AND MUCH FARM TRAFFIC. BOND COULDN'T CROSS THE SO-YARD GAP BETWEEN FORTIER AND THE GEE...



IS THAT A DUST CLOUD OVER THE ROYAL ROAD? MAYBE WE'LL MEET AT THE CASINO ROYALE!

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MURRAY



BROODING ON THE DARK ROAD AND JUST GIVEN HOW THE RACE OF HIS LIFE, BOND ARRIVED AT THE HOTEL, GLENVIEW, ROYALE-LES-BEAUX...



ALL—MON COMMANDANT!  
HALLO, MONSIEUR MAURICE, TELL ME—WHO IS THE LADY WHO WAS JUST DRIVEN UP IN THE WHITE LANCIA?



AH—THAT IS LA COMTESSE TERESA DI VIGNOZZO. SHE IS A LADY, MR. BOND, WHO LIVES LIFE TO THE FULL!

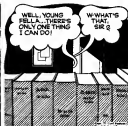
IT IS LATE EVENING...AND AS ANOTHER HEADLINE STORY IS WRAPPED UP FOR THE DAILY GUARDIAN...



INSIDE THE CLOSED AND LOCKED PUBLIC LIBRARY...



OKAY!...WHAT'S YOUR REASON FOR STAYING HERE TOO LATE THIS TIME?



# Jeff Hawke

BY STEVE JORDAN

A GREAT FREIGHTER LIFTS UP TOWARDS CLEAR ALTITUDES—

FLAP IN, OKAY? CLIMB—POWER SETTINGS—



—ON SAINT BRIDE'S EVE IT WAS, AND BITTER COLO—

—IN THE BRAINBOX OF THE MONSTER, THE COOL YOUNG WATCHFUL EYES—

—REFRIGERATED OWLS SAT 'NEATH EACH—

HOLD IT, A REV DROP ON ALL FOUR MOTORS—



THEN A SUDDEN STAGGERING BUMP—



W41801

# Jeff Hawke

BY STEVE JORDAN

ATMOSPHERIC ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS ON A CLIMBING FREIGHTER...

—POWER RESTORED, BUT SHE ISN'T HANDLING!



IF THAT EARTH-SHIFTER HAS MOVED IN THE BAY—



EVEN IF IT DO, WE'VE ENOUGH SPARE TEAM TO STABILISE—IT ISN'T THAT!

BOUNCING ABOUT LIKE A RUDDY CIRCUS ELEPHANT!

THEN, MOST SPECTACULARLY, AND UNEXPECTEDLY—BLAZING SUNLIGHT!



W41802

# Jeff Hawke

BY STEVE JORDAN

A PEACEFUL SUNLIT CABIN—MOST ILLOGICALLY SO!



YOU NEEDN'T TELL ME, I'VE GOT EYES IN MY HEAD—



DO YOU THINK WE'VE HAD A PILE-UP, AND THIS IS HEAVEN—AS IN THAT OLD FILM?

BE SERIOUS FOR A MINUTE, AND LOOK AT THE CHART. WE SHOULD BE AT TEN THOUSAND FEET, AND EAST OF SCARBOROUGH POINT—

TWO COMPLETELY STUNNED FREIGHTER PILOTS—



—TAKE A LOOK OUT THE WINDOW WHAT'S ALL THAT DOWN BELOW?

W41803

# Jeff Hawke

BY STEVE JORDAN

A MINUTE OR TWO AGO, WE WERE OVER THE NORTH SEA...



AS YOU SAY, WE SHOULD BE OVER THE NORTH SEA...



IRRELEVANT THOUGHTS, AT A TIME OF COMPLETE IMPOSSIBILITY...

BUT IF WE'RE NO LONGER EN ROUTE TO BRUSSELS I'M GOING TO MISS MY DATE WITH THAT BIRD...

AND IF WE'RE NOT GOING TO BRUSSELS, WHERE ARE WE GOING? AND IN BRIGHT SUMMER SUNSHINE AT THAT.



PROFESSIONAL COMMONSENSE REASSERTS ITSELF...

OKAY, LET'S MAKE RADIO CONTACT WITH SOMEWHERE FAST!

W41804

# Jeff Hawke

BY STEVE JORDAN

ON BOARD THE FREIGHTER, A METEOROLOGICAL SEARCH FOR RADIO CONTACT WITH SOME GROUND STATION...



NOTHING... NOT A SQUEAK, OR A GROAN...



BUT IF WE WERE WHERE WE OUGHT TO BE...

WE AREN'T WHERE WE OUGHT TO BE, OKAY, DEAD RECKONING. WE'RE STILL ON COMPASS COURSE...



... AND YET JUST LOOK WHERE THE SUN IS! WE KNOW THE DATE, THE HOUR, AND THE MINUTE, AND WE'VE GOT A SEXTANT...

W41805

# Jeff Hawke

BY STEVE JORDAN

A LOST FREIGHTER, FIFTEEN MINUTES OUT FROM YORKSHIRE, TURNS ON A NEW COURSE, DIRECTLY INTO THE SUN...



A BEARING IS TAKEN...



AND AFTER SOME COMPLEX CALCULATIONS—

WELL, ACCORDING TO ALL THIS LOT, WE'RE IN AUSTRALIA—

THAT'LL BE RIGHT! GREAT NEWS...

W41806





# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FINKLELL



# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FINKLELL



# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FINKLELL



# MODESTY BLAISE

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# MODESTY BLAISE

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# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FINKLELL









Hopelessly outnumbered, Phil and Mykmba go down under the hill tribesmen's attack.



NOW LET US SLAY THESE BROTHERS OF THOSE WHO STOLE OUR PRINCESS AND KILLED OUR FRIENDS.

NOT HERE, TAKE THEM TO OUR CHIEFTAIN!



THOUGH ILLNESS GRIPS HIM, WE WILL WISH TO SEE VENGEANCE TAKEN!

DAGGER AND GARTH HAVE DONE THEIR WORK WELL, CORRIAN!



Corrian and Mykmba are brought before the hill tribes chieftain...

WHILE I LAY ILL, OTHERS OF YOUR KIND WORKED TREACHERY UPON MY PEOPLE.



YOU TWO SHALL NOT LIVE TO DO LIKEWISE!

SLAY US AND YOU SERVE THE MEN WHO ABDUCTED YOUR DAUGHTER.



LISTEN TO THE SUPERINTENDENT! THOSE MEN ARE CRIMINALS... WE'VE COME TO CAUSE THEM!

ALL OUTSIDERS ARE LIARS, O CHIEF! THEY'RE NOT TO BE TRUSTED!



MY DAUGHTER LISTENED TO THE OTHER OUTSIDERS. NOW MY TRIBESMEN LIE DEAD AND SHE IS THEIR HOSTAGE!

SUPERINTENDENT MYKMBA AND I ARE MEN OF THE LAW... WE WANT DAGGER AND GARTH AS RANSOM AS YOU DO!



HUNTING SUCH MEN IS OUR JOB! CORRIAN AND I STAND THE BEST CHANCE OF SAVING THE PRINCESS!



ENOUGH! FOR SARNA'S SAKE I'D RISK ANYTHING—EVEN THAT YOU SPEAK FALSELY. BUT YOU TOO MUST RISK SOMETHING—THE LIFE OF ONE OF YOU!



I WILL ALLOW ONE OF YOU TO PURSUE THOSE DOGS YOU CALL DAGGER AND GARTH. THE OTHER STAYS HERE TO OBEY IF YOU FAIL TO RETURN WITH SARNA.



WELL, OUTSIDERS? YOU SPOKE BOLDLY BEFORE... NOW, WHO GOES AND WHO STAYS?

MYKMBA, YOU KNOW THE TERRITORY BETTER THAN I DO.



FINDING THEM FROM HERE WILL NOT BE DIFFICULT. AFTER THAT WE ARE EQUALLY QUALIFIED. ISN'T THERE AN AMERICAN CUSTOM OF FLIPPING A COIN?



THE SPIN OF A COIN... TO DECIDE WHETHER PHIL OR MYKMBA FACES DEATH AS A HOSTAGE OF THE HILL TRIBESMEN!



I'M AFRAID I GOT LUCKY, MYKMBA.

TACKLING DAGGER AND GARTH ALONE IS SCARCELY GOOD FORTUNE, PHIL. BUT IF ANYONE CAN DO IT SUCCESSFULLY, IT'S YOU!



PRAY YOUR FAITH IS WELL PLACED, OUTSIDER. IF HE FAILS OR MY DAUGHTER IS HARMED, IT IS YOU WHO PAY!



THAT IS THE DIRECTION TAKEN BY THE HORSE WHO ABDUCTED PRINCESS SARNA, OUR WIFE!



THEY PROMISED IF WE GAVE CHASE, SHE WOULD BE KILLED.

A GROUP IN PURSUIT MIGHT BE EASILY SPOTTED. I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE EXPECTING ONE MAN!

BUT WE WILL SHOULD YOU HARBOR THOUGHTS OF DOUBTING BACK TO RESCUE YOUR FRIEND!



**PTERANODONS!**  
BUT HUGE!...MUCH  
BIGGER THAN ANY  
THAT EVER LIVED  
ON EARTH'S  
SURFACES!

Edgar Rice Burroughs  
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THEY LOOK LIKE  
THE MAHAR. THE  
THING WE'RE  
BRINGING BACK  
TO PELLUCIDAR!

THEY'RE RELATED, KORAK!  
BUT THE MAHAR IS EXTREMELY  
INTELLIGENT. WHILE PTERAN-  
ODONS ARE PUMS BEASTS!



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

DOZENS OF THEM—  
WITH MORE COMING!



CAN THEY  
HURT US,  
CAPTAIN?  
HINER?

NO, KORAK!  
EVEN IF THEY  
COULD FINE-  
TUNE THE  
WARGENITE  
SIGN.



I DON'T SEE HOW THEY  
COULD REACH OUR LIFT  
CHAMBERS! RELAX AND  
ENJOY THE SHOW—!!



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

THEY CAN'T  
HURT THE  
OVEDO TAZAN!  
BUT THERE  
ARE SO  
MANY—!  
WHY—?

WE'RE NEAR  
MOUNTAINS,  
CAPTAIN!  
PERHAPS THEIR  
NESTING  
AREA!



TRY MOVING  
THE AIRSHIP  
AWAY FROM—



CONTROL DECK!  
MOTOR DECK FIVE!  
THE—OH, FLYING  
DRAGONS, ARE  
ATTACKING  
BACK HERE—!!



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

THE...DRAGONS...  
ARE SMASHING AT THE  
WINDOW APT OF MOTOR  
THREE—!



WINDOW?  
APT OF  
THREE—?

THAT'S THE ROOM  
THE MAHAR  
IS IN—!!



QUICKLY,  
KORAK!



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

THE  
PTERANODONS  
ARE TRYING  
TO BREAK  
INTO THE  
ROOM WHERE  
THE MAHAR  
IS LOCKED!



...IN  
HERE—!



STOP  
MAHAR!!



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

WITHOUT WARNING THE MAHAR'S  
HEAVY WING LASHES OUT—!!



TAZAN!  
IT'S GETTING  
AWAY—!!